

CHEERFUL CHIRPS

(By "DEL.")

Mostly nonsense, except in those rare intervals when a real idea comes along and is grabbed off.

"That dame has reached a sorry pass. Who walks right by a looking glass."

—Last week's Sun.

You surely meant the
Dames to kid;
You never saw the
Dame that did!

"Cyclone Bill" Beck tells about a man who was arrested on a criminal charge, and entered a plea of "not guilty." He had no lawyer.

"You are entitled to counsel," the judge informed him. "I'll appoint those two lawyers sitting next to you to defend you."

The defendant looked at the lawyers. "Will you repeat that, Judge," he asked.

"I said I will appoint those two lawyers right there next to you to defend you."

"Judge," the defendant hastily replied, "I guess then I'd better plead guilty and be done with it."

Frank Bennett, the feed and fuel man, says he took a pencil and paper the other day and drew a hen so true to life that when he threw it into the waste-basket it laid there.

Some people are always grumbling because roses have thorns; but it's a lot better to be thankful that thorns have roses.

Speaking about natural phenomena, "Cyclone Bill" Beck says some of the moonshine whiskey he has drunk was "so strong that if a rabbit took two drinks of it he would turn around and

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spit in a bull-dog's face." And Under-sheriff Bill Hicklin says the Mexican murderer, Terez, "is so tough you could hang a cat in his spit."

As down the street he took a stroll,
He cursed, for all he is a saint.
He saw a sign atop a pole,
As down the street he took a stroll,
And climbed it up (near-sighted soul).
So he could read—and read: "Fresh Paint!"

As down the street he took a stroll,
He cursed, for all he is a saint.

In Virginia, they call a horse a "team"; two horses hitched together are "two teams"; and a horse and a buggy are "a team and fix." But even odder oddity in horse lingo was once sprung by John Fetter.

John was working out at Green-law's mill, near Lake Mary, driving a team. He went into a saloon one noon to get warm, got it, and then a few more; then, forgetting both team and job, sat into a poker game. He stayed until near morning, when he drove the team into the company's barn. Next day he informed a friend that he had been fired, and explained that it was because he had forgotten to "take off the horses' clothes."

On June 1, this year, there were 484 automobiles in Coconino county, their assessed valuations being \$200,284. The latter figure, of course, does not equal the total cost of the cars, because the second year a car is assessed at 10 per cent less than cost, the third year at 20 per cent less, and, after that, at whatever the assessor may think it is worth.

Heard an old fellow say the other day that boys are now much more mischievous than a few years ago.

Huh! Show us a boy of any old time since the world began who was not mischievous, and we'll show you a sissy.

Boys are boys, always will be, always "wuz."

Don't you remember how George Coffin, who used to run a grocery here, used to rare and tare every time little Tom Manning crossed his range of vision. And Tom most usually stayed that far away—whenever Mr. Coffin's back wasn't turned.

And remember the time Charlie Marshall stole the eggs from under his mother's settin' hen and traded them to Coffin, and what a fuss it raised?

Peck's Bad Boy wouldn't be in it with a true recital of some of the pranks some of you sedate old gray-heads played when you wuz jes' boys.

Tom Brown says land surveying in the West in the early days was often done much differently than now. He recalled the time when Bert White, proprietor of the Weatherford Hotel, was a lad in Texas.

Bert helped survey the X-I-T ranch, in the Texas Panhandle. It was a very small ranch, containing only three million acres, and had been granted by the state to the Capitol Syndicate in payment for building the state capital.

Included in the surveying outfit were ten or a dozen horses, all for Bert's use. He would jump on a horse, gallop away a dozen miles or so, and, directed by a white cloth waved by the instrument man, locate asta ke. Then he would rush back, grab a fresh horse, and beat it off in another direction, keeping at it all through the day, using horse after horse, as they became tired. For weeks at a stretch he averaged much over a hundred miles a day.

"No other rider in that part of the state had greater endurance than he had," Tom says.

The X-I-T ranch was valued to the syndicate at \$1 an acre. Today it averages about \$20.

Texas, by the way, reserved every foot of her wild land, when admitted to the Union, as public domain, none of it belonging to Uncle Sam.

The notices one usually finds tacked to the bulletin board in any public place are mighty dull reading. Not so, however, those in the office of Miss Irene Bart, our county recorder.

Miss Bart caught a Sun man copying some of these bulletins the other day, and came forward, smiling, to ask why. Told that probably Sun readers would be interested in her philosophy, which it was to be supposed the bulletins revealed, she pointed at and asked the reporter to read a bulletin which said:

"A cordial reception isn't an invitation to stay all day."

The reporter did what you would have done—beat it. But he had already copied the following from among the many, equally pertinent:

"It is easier to work than it is to dodge."

"Keep your temper. Nobody around here wants it."

"Look wise, but say nothing. Then nobody knows the difference."

"People who blurt out what they think, usually don't think."

"If you must lie, tell a big one."

"Some fellows are so obstinate that even their food doesn't agree with them."

"The voice with the smile wins."

Miss Bart says she knows just which of her bulletins fits each of most of the people she knows.

At a recent N. A. N. S. faculty picnic at the reservoir there was a lot of fun not on the program. Under the leadership of Prof. T. H. Cureton, there were a lot of athletic stunts, including jumping, chinning the bar, etc. The young women, who comprised most of the party, did every bit as well as the chinning as some of our sarcastic males might imagine. But when Prof. Cureton pelted Miss Bush with a watermelon rind and tried to get away, the real fun began. She was overtaking him when he ran to a big pine tree. He was hardly on the lower limbs before she was after him. Fifty feet from the ground he had to stop. His pursuer did not falter, but with a big rind in her mouth, kept on until she was on a level with him, and then dropped a piece of the rind down his neck.

Lorenzo Hubbell, Jr., of Oraibi, and

RECOMMEND BONDING COUNTY FOR \$150,000

The citizens good roads committee met with the county board of supervisors on Monday, at the regular meeting of the latter, and recommended that Coconino county be bonded for \$150,000, to meet federal aid in the construction of the Old Trails National Highway and the Williams-Clarkdale road. It is recommended that the Old Trails portion of the money be spent in completing the road between here and Williams, and in building west from Williams and east from Flagstaff.

Formalities for calling an election to vote on the bonding question will be completed as soon as possible, and it will be about 45 days before the election can legally be held.

The members of the good roads committee that met with the council were: M. I. Powers, chairman; T. A. Riordan, and W. W. Durham, of Flagstaff, and Jerrie W. Lee, of Williams. Mr. Nickerson, of Williams, the other member of the committee, was not present.

The supervisors appointed the following as a highway commission to supervise the expending of the money, in case the bond issue goes through: M. I. Powers, chairman; T. A. Riordan, W. W. Durham, of Flagstaff; B. F. Sweetwood and F. O. Polson, of Williams.

Frank Jones, who used to work in the trading store with the late Charles Hubbell, were out in the latter's car, when they got too near the edge of the road and tipped over. Frank landed in the mud on his face, Hubbell, face down, directly over him, and the car on top. Hubbell, who is just as powerful as he looks, didn't land hard on Frank, but with both hands and feet against the ground, was holding up the car—a Ford.

Lorenzo spoke first.

"Frank, I'm going to come down on you," he said.

"For God's sake, don't do that," Frank yelled.

"Well then, hump yourself, and push up," was the reply.

So, one above the other, Frank pushing up against Lorenzo, and Lorenzo against the car, they heaved together.

Then their feet slipped, and this time Frank found out how much Lorenzo and a Ford, together, weighed.

They took another brace, heaved together again, and this time succeeded in pushing the car off them and right side up.

"The worst of it was," said Frank afterward, "we were on the down-hill side of the darned car, and had to lift it back up the hill."

Jones figured in another turnover before that, his companion that time being Charles Hubbell. The latter was driving, and when the car turned, his arm was caught under the steering wheel and broken. A government doctor, who had been riding on the running board, kept clear. In trying to get at the extent of the casualties, the latter asked Frank if he was hurt. Frank said he wasn't. But a moment later the warm grease from the drip pan began to soak through his clothes and he yelled:

"Hey, Doc, get me out of this, for God's sake, I'm bleeding to death!"

E. A. Marks, superintendent of the Indian school at Oraibi, tells about when former President Roosevelt and former Governor Hunt both attended one of the Hopi snake dances. Roosevelt wrote a letter to his friend, Senator Hubbell, saying he intended to come. Hunt wrote asking that all the accommodations at the command of the government be placed at his disposal.

Teddy and his boys rode in on horseback, rough-clad. Hunt came in bedecked in all sartorial glory. Col. Roosevelt and the boys slept on the ground, sending back word when informed that there was a room at their disposal that they had their own outfit and preferred not to give anyone any extra trouble. Hunt kicked about his room and made himself generally disagreeable.

Oh, piffle! with these foolish books in which some stupid guy spins fairy tales of his success, and tells us how and why it's up to us to mail a "bone" and win ourselves a name, by purchasing (in cloth and gold) his work on "Me and Fame." We need no lessons from a mutt to teach us what to do; we only have to copy after every one of YOU, and then we'll find, as you have found, that work and wealth are one; that real success has no time left for telling how it's done. The surest way to get ahead is just to sail right in, and if we do the best we can we're pretty sure to win; while even if we chance to fail, the effort we have made is sure to count when pay day comes and all our worth is weighed. For, don't you know, it's safe to bet that He who rules the skies, will know how well we meant to do, for He is truly wise. And if our best friends here on earth can treat us on the square, the One creating these best friends will be at least as fair.

HAD TO LOOK FURTHER

Barrister: "Now, sir, you have stated under oath that this man had the appearance of a gentleman. Will you be good enough to tell the jury how a gentleman looks, in your estimation?"

Downtrodden Witness: "Well, er—a gentleman looks—er—like—er—"

Barrister: "I don't want any of your 'ers,' sir; and remember that you are on oath. Can you see anybody in this court room who looks like a gentleman?"

Witness: "I can if you'll stand out of the way."

LOADED

"Here's a blank form."

"What for?"

"Sort of business questionnaire. The boss wants you to tell what you do around the office."

"Gimme six blanks."

"WHEN ALL WARS END"

No deadlier weapon was ever devised than the Roman short sword. This information may be nursed advantageously by those who have been deriving comfort recently out of the smug reflection that new engines of destruction and new gases are so devastating as to prohibit future conflict.

Each war has produced new and violent machinery to destroy the enemy. Knights errant in their potential were considered invincible until the Swiss upset them and proved the age-old theory that infantry was most dangerous. Artillery was once considered so destructive as to make all warfare seem impossible.

Before the great war we heard much of mysterious acids which would blot out whole cities, ammunition capable of destroying armies. Infantry remained the backbone of the military forces. The acids, gases, high explosives, planes, electricity all played their parts, but the controlling factor of warfare is unchanged.

An automobile is impelled by a new energy, has more comfortable seats, many conveniences; run on four wheels just the same; the ox cart has not changed so greatly after all.

War never depended upon the destructiveness of the weapons employed, but upon the temper of human beings. The wheels of human desire, human jealousy, human loyalty, and human ambition are the same though we have built around them a modern carriage of diplomacy and commerce.

A great shell might destroy a whole army if that army were conveniently assembled for that purpose. But when one belligerent devises a gun big enough to kill 1,000 men the other belligerent will see that 1,000 men are never to be found together. Bombs may destroy cities, but the wise inhabitants of those cities will not be there when it happens, or they will devise a new bombproof.

War is not of powder, but of human thought and will. — Chicago Tribune.

THE LIGHT OF LOVE

The great shortage of matches reminds us of this story:

A widower had engraved on his wife's tombstone the words: "The light of my life has gone out."

A little later he married again, and one Sunday was standing with No. 2 before his first wife's grave.

Reading the above sentiment, the lady inquired in a rather huffed tone: "Is that so?"

"Yes," he replied, "but I've struck another match."

IN THE EARLY DAYS

(From the Coconino Sun's file of August 1, 1885.)

Threatened riot among the workmen on the Prescott & Arizona Central railroad. Work suspended, laborers furious, and Sheriff Mulvenon, with Messrs. Oliver, Anderson, Colgan and Lynch, held men in subjection.

Green corn crop very good. On P. B. Brannon & Co.'s Beaver Head ranch stalks are seven and eight feet high.

Great excitement over the discovery of the Cataract mines, in the Grand Canyon region.

D. M. Riordan, superintendent of the Ayer mill, returned from Prescott Wednesday.

John Clark reports coming crops in prime order in spite of prolonged dry spell.

Matt Black brought in from his ranch a fine, fat buck deer.

Jim Marshall, who broke his ankle, is again walking with the aid of a crutch.

THE HAMLESS SANDWICH

One of the easiest things to do in this world is to put pickle and mustard between two slices of bread and call it a ham sandwich.

OUTCAMELING THE CAMEL

"How long is it they say a camel can go without drinking?"

"Two weeks, I believe. Why?"

"That record will go into the discard soon."

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